

The New Order of Jedi: Dalitan. Part I

by Dalitan

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Summary: 100 years after the Battle of Endor a Jedi knight faces a dark threat.

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> <meta name="Generator"> Green light filtered through the treetops

Green light filtered through the treetops. The gas giant Faladak's green glow penetrated deep into the forests of its third moon. A person was there, seeing perfectly in it's dim light. His iris-less eyes were capable of seeing heat. The red glowing pupils spotted the fleeing trooper easily. A grin came across his face. _Better get moving he's getting away._ He thought. He ran after the fleeing stormtrooper, using the Force to go faster than simple trooper could ever hope to outrun. He caught up to him quickly grabbed one of his lightsabers and cut off the barrel of the trooper's blaster in a blink of the eye.

"Now, who sent you? Was it that warlord Reedier? Or maybe Halvah? Answer me!" he asked.

"Please don't hurt me, I was only following orders." the trooper said weakly. "It was, Gut- Gutar- Gutarios."

"Who the hell is Gutarios?" the man asked.

"He, he, he is my master," the trooper replied.

"I know that you idiot, I want to know who your master is!" the Jedi said. _Watch your self, don't let your anger control you, remember what Kalarack told you, anger is the path to the Dark Side._ He thought.

"I told you Gutarios is my master."

"Leave, go back to your master and tell him that his pathetic squad

failed to kill me. And remember my name, I am Dalitan Kaldarian, Jedi Knight. And tell your master that I am not to be taken lightly."

"You are sure he did not know of your sensitivity to the Force?" A dark figure asked. He sat back in the shadows of the throne room.

"Yes, my master. I probed his mind. He thought of me as a 'simple trooper'." The man replied.

"Good, the Force mask works." The shadowy figure commented. "By the way commander, did he tell you to say something to me?"

"Yes, Master. He said that your pathetic squad failed to kill him." The commander answered.

That was not its purpose anyhow. "Your work here is finished. Return to your command." The dark figure commanded.

"Yes, Master Gutarios." The trooper said with a bow as he left.

"A group of _stormtroopers_? Are you sure?" a man in a cloak asked.

"Yes, Romnakin, do you think I'd mistake that white armor?" Dalitan answered.

"I don't know, there haven't been any stormtroopers around for at least a decade." Romnakin said.

"Well, they're back. And they weren't clones either. Or droids." Dalitan stated.

"That means that somehow some remnant of the Empire has found enough people from somewhere to confidently send them against a Jedi Knight. This is big trouble. We must warn the Senate!" Romnakin realized.

"I've told my droid to keep the _Saber II_ ready. I'll be able to take off any minute." Dalitan said casually.

"Good. My ship should be ready for takeoff." Romnakin said with a rushed tone in his voice. "What are you doing sitting there we have to GO!"

"All of these years I've known you you've been more patient than a Narbian Tree Slug. Why are you rushing now?"

"Dalitan, do you understand the seriousness of Imperial stormtroopers attacking you? That means not only that the Empire is back, but they have a fresh supply troopers too!"

"Cool it Romnakin, it's not like a second of delay will make Corescant vulnerable to attack."

"It may very well be the difference between safety and weakness!"

This isn't like him. Dalitan thought. _This isn't Romnakin._

Dalitan was thinking as he probed deep into his mind. _I shouldn't be able to get past his mental defenses so easily. Somewhere around here there should be evidence of a clone, duplicate or something. Ahh, there it is, a clone all right, a damn good one, but a clone nonetheless. THIS is something the Senate needs to know about. _"Romnakin I think it would be a good idea to go to Corescant."

"I'm glad you see it my way."

Dalitan got up and was about to leave when he turned around one of his lightsabers blazing to life just in time to reflect a blast from a palm blaster. "Sorry, you messed with the wrong Jedi, clone."

Commander Lavek Venlar was unique among stormtroopers. He was sensitive to the Force. He was actually one of Gutarios' most promising students. He was also the first person to test the Force mask. With all of the Jedi running around Gutarios had devised a way to make even a Jedi Knight seem to be a simple ordinary human. Theoretically. It was only tested once in combat, once against a Jedi Knight. It had worked. Now was time to test it again.

"OK, men, it's time to attack the planet Gralendek. As you know from your briefing it is the location of a major Jedi Academy. We are not to fail this mission. If we do so it may well be the end of the Empire. We will strike before the Jedi find out about the death of Knight Dalitan by the hands of our Romnakin clone. If we delay, the Jedi will be warned and this mission will be a complete failure. We will combat test the prized camouflage armor, used by our spies to gain access to the Republic Senate room. I will be leading this attack personally. We are to bring Ysalamiri with us to prevent us from being sensed by the Jedi and to hinder their skills of blaster bolt deflection. We will not fail!" apparently Commander Venlar was a good motivational speaker as well.

"You say that there was a virtually undetectable clone of Romnakin? How could that be possible? I thought clones gave you Jedi strange feelings." Senator Wheeling said.

"Well they usually do. But this one was different. I wouldn't have suspected anything if it weren't so impatient. Lucky Romnakin isn't spontaneous." Dalitan explained.

"How did they clone me? I haven't bled since last year when that bomb sent a piece of shrapnel into my leg." Romnakin asked.

"Did we ever find out who was behind that?" Wheeling asked.

"Yeah it was a man named Venlar. We never caught him though." Dalitan answered.

"Our Gravity Cruiser couldn't get the field up in time." Romnakin added.

"No big loss. We have a new problem now. What did you say his name was again?" Wheeling said.

"Gutarios. And his troopers weren't about to give more information." Dalitan answered. "Hold on a second. Romnakin do you sense that? It is over there. It's not very strong, a faint presence among all of

these Senators. Right THERE. Yes, that's it, but nobody's there. Or is there? Yes, definitely almost like he's invisible. Only in plain view. Romnakin NOW!"

Dalitan leapt across the Senate Hall, no small feat, and landed next to Senator Talon and swung with one of his lightsabers. Sensing that his target had dodged he brought his other lightsaber in a full arc to his side, careful not to hit Talon. Romnakin had locked onto the presence by this time and he too was on Talon's platform. Stopping for a second to relocate the presence, Dalitan thrust at Romnakin, and a body appeared, stabbed through the gut, dressed in black stormtrooper armor.

"Reg-lon, you still there?" Harab asked.

"Of course I am, where are you? The lights went out and I can't sense you for some reason." Reg-lon answered.

Thump. "What happened? Reg-lon? Augggghhâ€|"

"OK, these two are down. Let's go." A voice said seemingly out of nowhere. "Let's try to make sure these bodies aren'tâ€| HEY! There's nobody here! Just a couple of robes! K4-652, you go turn the lights back on."

"Yes, sir."

The lights hummed to life, but there was nobody in the room. Just a couple of robes on the floor. "Did they escape, sir?" one of the troopers asked. Commander Venlar recognized the voice as K4-654.

"No, they're dead. But these weren't trainees. They were full-fledged Jedi. Every Jedi in the sector will know of there deaths." Commander Venlar said.

"But aren't they in the negation field of the ysalamiri?"

"Yes, but as soon as we move twenty feet from here they will know. Ditch the ysalamiri, we have to get back to the landing craft."

"But, sir, the Academy hasn't been destroyed yet!"

"Are you opposing my orders? I suggest you do what I tell you. Then again you'll never have to take orders from me again." Commander Venlar raised his blaster and put it to the disobedient trooper's helmet. He squeezed the trigger, obliterating the poor man's head.

"Zargorda the Hutt, you have been summoned here for a reason." Gutarios said. "I wouldn't have your slime anywhere near here if I had a choice. But your contact with the best bounty hunters in the Galaxy does have its uses. I need the Jedi named Dalitan, dead or alive, and it's obvious that a bounty hunter, Aaron Dath I think his name was, is the best man for the job."

"You think that I have control over Dath? You must be dumber than you look. And even if I did, I would not do something from you for free." Zargorda replied.

"That's exactly my point, people like you and Dath can be controlled easily. Just wave a couple thousand credits in your faces and I'd have you jumping at Womp Rats in mid-afternoon on Tatooine. I'll give you 100,000 credit's now, 1,000,000 when you bring me Dalitan. Half of that payment goes to Dath, a pretty good middleman's fee."

"550,000 credits is appealing. Deal. You'll get this Jedi of yours."

"Genetics Officer Raymond, do you have a report for me?" Gutarios asked.

"Yes, sir. I think you'll find the results of our latest experiment quite pleasing." The Officer answered.

"You may leave now." Gutarios said after he was handed a data disk. He put it in his datapad and read the report. It was quite pleasing indeed. The men down at genetics have created a human being with programmable intelligence in just a day. Last report it took a month. They also programmed the standard stormtrooper intelligence into the being in a matter of minutes. Things were looking quite good.

"He want's me to catch a Jedi?" Dath stated more than asked.

"For 550,000 credits." Zargorda replied.

"Easy enough, I've caught Kyrat Dragons, how hard could a Jedi be?" Those words were heard in a vision 300 light-years away.

Dalitan opened his eyes suddenly. His vision was crystal clear. And he knew it was from the not too distant past. He studied the pilot controls before him. He had reached the planet Gralendek. He had been meaning to revisit his old academy. Somehow he knew that Dath would be there.

Dalitan set the _Saber II_ down gently on the landing pad. He already knew that several of the students had been murdered. He had seen that just briefly before, in a blurred vision, as if it wasn't important enough for his current attention. A bitter wind wrapped around him, as if to further warn him of the impending danger. _Dath is here. I can sense his presence. He will not kill me. Or will he?_ Suddenly, simultaneously, he saw two possible futures. In one he saw Dath falling to the ground with a whole in his chest, in the other he saw himself getting crushed by a huge pillar of stone. They both were slightly blurred, equally visible. It was a disturbing image indeed.

Dalitan turned quickly, just on time to deflect a blaster bolt with the lightsaber in his left hand. Another bolt came quickly afterwards, blocked by his other saber. While his lightsabers were briefly out of position a sticky, translucent cord wrapped around him. Using the Force to break the strands, Dalitan quickly broke free. Thinking that the Jedi was distracted, Dath launched a concussion grenade. Dalitan again used the Force, this time to stop the grenade in midair. Knowing that it would detonate on contact, he flung it back towards the bounty hunter. Dath activated his jetpack, flying clear of the blast. Still in midair, the bounty hunter launched another grenade, not at Dalitan, but at a towering pillar

ten feet to his right. Unable to stop the grenade in time, Dalitan tried to use the Force to push the pillar the opposite direction. However, the cunning bounty hunter again used his snare cord, this time to pull the pillar on top of his target.

I'm glad I recorded that. This'll boost my reputation major. The Galaxy will once again fear a bounty hunter in Mandalorian Battle Armor. Dath thought behind his blood red mask. _They've all but forgotten Boba Fett; now, I will jog their memories._

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Sharply, an image came to Romnakin's mind. _Dalitan! He's not dead, but his presence has significantly weakened in just an instant. He will die soon, unless I can find him. _Then, another image came to mind. A foreign one at first. Then Romnakin recognized the giant wedge as an Imperial Stardestroyer. Orbiting the third moon of Faladak, Dalitan's homeworld. _Future, that's in the future. Dalitan is dying NOW. _Romnakin brought his ship out of hyperspace, changing course to the planet Gralendek. He would find Dalitan, and he would save him. Hopefully.

Slowly, a stone lifted off of the huge pile of rubble. Then another. Then a third. Then two at a time. Slowly, ever so slowly, the entire pile was cleared of its original position revealing a battered form. A low moan escaped Dalitan's lungs, bringing pain to his chest. _At least I know I'm alive, being one with the Force cannot be this painful. _Suddenly four presences appeared, surrounding him in a square. Powerful presences, definitely Force users. Definitely Dark Side. Using the Force to help control his pain, Dalitan arose. Three of the presences moved closer. Using all of his concentration, Dalitan completely shrugged off the pain. _How long have I been out? Must have been long enough for Dath to go back to whoever sent him, and for that person to send out some cronies. Force using cronies._

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Coming into view the three made a vain attempt to surround Dalitan. All three igniting lightsabers, Dalitan had no choice but to bring his own to life. Backing up to prevent them from getting to his back, Dalitan quickly made a block as the first swing was made. Easily blocking it, and moving to block the next attack, Dalitan quickly found himself in the center of a bright display of clashing lightsabers. Seeing an opening, Dalitan stabbed out with his right-hand saber, putting a hole in one of the attacker's chests. Briefly stunned by the sudden loss of their teammate, Dalitan had enough time to leap onto a nearby pillar. Quickly they followed, again erupting into a fierce melee. Kicking the smaller man to the ground, Dalitan concentrated on the man in front of him. After a minute of fighting, Dalitan's danger sense warned him of a boulder coming in from behind. He sidestepped, cutting the large rock in half, and used the Force to send the two pieces straight at the man in front of him. Not anticipating the attack, the man got hit by the two pieces and was sent off the pillar, falling to his doom. Spinning quickly, he brought one of his lightsabers into an arc to block an incoming attack. Bringing his other weapon in a downward swing, forcing his opponent backward, off the edge. However, the man landed safely, and chopped the pillar down.

Jumping off just in time, Dalitan closed his eyes to prevent them

from getting dust in them. Sensing an immediate danger behind him, he jumped forward. He spun around, already deflecting another swing. Now with his full concentration on the man in front of him, it only took a few short minutes to defeat him. Then he remembered the fourth presence. All of a sudden he felt a slight tremor in the Force. He looked up to see a man on top of yet another pillar with a fireball in his hand. Apparently he was using the Force to cause the air above his hand to rub together so rapidly it ignited. Jumping to the side, Dalitan's feet got singed by the exploding fire. By the time he got up again the man had jumped down and ignited a lightsaber of his own.

The man was better than all of his colleagues combined. By the way that he fought, Dalitan had no doubt in his mind that the man was indeed the leader of the group. However, he was not as good as Dalitan. Dalitan had the advantage of experience and training, and the fact he had twice as many blades as his opponent, even though they were shorter in length by almost half a foot. The battle lasted for several minutes before anything dramatic occurred. _He is better than I thought._ Dalitan thought as he blocked another swing. Then when there was a brief pause the man drew back took his left hand off his saber, and shot a bolt of pure Dark Side energy at Dalitan's hand. The attack caught Dalitan off guard, temporarily paralyzing his left hand and melting his lightsaber's circuits. Now with only one operational blade, Dalitan lost the advantage.

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